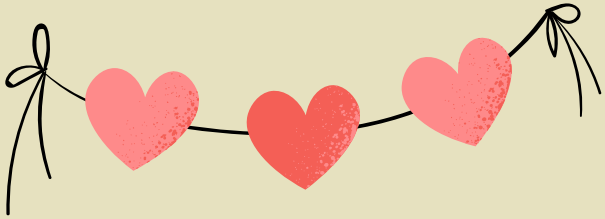
Friendship, Love and Little one

Celebrating One year of marriage



This book is dedicated to the love of my life—
My Fellie
the one who showed me that love can be extraordinary.

Patient, kind, compassionate
and calm in the storm of my moods.

Thank you for making me a mother
to the sweatest chapter of our lives
our ANAIAH

With all my love, always.
Hatkho

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CHAPTER ONE

First Encounter

It was the year 2020, the world came to a standstill as COVID-19 swept across nations, forcing everyone into lockdown. She too found herself in lockdown—not just physically, but emotionally. Her heart was weary, her spirit worn thin. All she longed for was peace—a pause from the chaos called RELATIONSHIP, a moment to simply be.

The lockdown, in its own strange way, became a blessing. Surrounded by her family, she began to heal. She rediscovered the comfort of home, the laughter she had missed, the warmth she had longed for. Day by day, she mended—gently, quietly.

She was content. For the first time in years, she was truly enjoying her own company, learning to love the silence and the stillness. She had made peace with the idea of being alone —and even embraced it. But life, as it often does, had other plans.

He arrived—quiet, kind, charming, and utterly unexpected. And just like that, the pages of her story began to turn in a new direction.

The lockdown brought with it an unexpected kind of freedom. It gave her space to meet new people, to do things that would have once sparked conflict. For the first time in a long while, she felt unbound—free to breathe, to explore, to simply exist on her own terms. And she savored every moment of it.

It was in those fleeting, quiet moments that their paths first crossed.
Their encounter was unremarkable on the surface—no dramatic introductions, no immediate connection. Just a passing presence, a face among many in a paused world. What followed wasn't sudden or intense; it unfolded slowly, almost imperceptibly.

Months went by before they spoke. And even then, their messages were brief, their words careful and to the point. There were no unnecessary pleasantries, no attempts to impress. He remained just an acquaintance—someone she met by chance, in a time unlike any other.

Then, months passed, and gradually, she began to trust him. Bit by bit, she let her guard down, confiding in him things she hadn't shared with anyone else—secrets tucked away in silence for years. He was a quiet, attentive listener. Never interrupting, never offering unsolicited advice. He simply listened, patiently, as she poured her thoughts out.

Before she knew it, he had become her refuge. Her go-to. The one she turned to for everything—the good, the bad, and all the ordinary moments in between. Conversations that once felt transactional now carried warmth. There was a growing sense of comfort, a quiet reliability in the way he showed up—without needing to be asked.

In time, the trust became mutual. He, too, began to open up, to lean on her when life grew heavy. It wasn't just her he cared for—he extended that quiet kindness to her family as well. They, too, found themselves speaking freely, relying on his presence in ways that surprised even them.

Chapter Two

Something More

Their lives unfolded in quiet rhythm—steady, trusting, and unspokenly intertwined. They leaned on each other through everything, trusting one another in every step, in every silence, in every laugh shared without explanation.

And then, one day, something shifted.

It was an ordinary afternoon. Nothing dramatic, nothing planned. They were simply talking, like they always did, surrounded by the familiar ease that had grown between them. But this time, his voice carried something different—a weight, a certainty.

He told her. Softly but clearly. That his feelings had changed. That over the months, friendship had deepened into something more. That somewhere in the ordinary, he had fallen in love with her.

She froze. Not from fear, but from surprise. The words hung in the air, delicate and honest.

Love? She had never considered that possibility. He was her confidant, her calm, her constant—but to see him in the light of something more? It had simply never crossed her mind.

With quiet honesty, she asked him for time—to think, to understand what she truly felt. He nodded, with a gentle smile and unwavering eyes. “I’ll wait,” he said. “Until you’re sure. I have no doubt you will be.”

Months passed, and yet, nothing seemed to change between them. They continued as they always had—sharing, laughing, leaning on one another. But beneath the surface, the unspoken question lingered: Will I accept his proposal?

It wasn't that she didn't care—she did. But she needed time. Time to listen to herself. To understand what his presence truly meant in her life.

Then came that November evening.

He was visiting, as usual, and was just about to leave. Nothing out of the ordinary. But in that brief, quiet moment—something shifted. A sudden wave of memories washed over her: all the times he had been there, all the ways he had made her feel safe, seen, and understood. And with it came a deeper fear—what if someone else saw what she saw in him? What if she lost him?

So she spoke. Just one word.
A quiet "Yes."
And that was all he needed.

He looked at her, and in that instant, he understood. That was the answer he had been waiting for. And it was the beginning of something beautiful.

On his way back home, he couldn't stop calling. Over and over again, with joy woven into every word:
"I now have a girlfriend."

It was magical.
That quiet, overwhelming warmth. The calm certainty of being loved—and choosing to love back.

Chapter three

Seasons of Us

Their story continued, and the only thing that changed was the title they now carried—officially something more. What had once been unspoken was now beautifully affirmed. The love that had bloomed quietly now stood tall, certain and seen.

But life, as always, moved forward.
With the pandemic behind them, she had to leave—to pursue her studies, to follow the path she had long prepared for. Distance came, but so did strength.

Even with miles between them, he never made her feel alone. He didn't question her choices, didn't mind the late nights spent studying or the time she spent with friends. He gave her space, and yet, was always present—reliable in his silence, steady in his support.

He never interrupted her peace—he protected it.
Calls filled with warmth. Messages that felt like home. Encouragement when she doubted herself. And love, always love, even in the simplest gestures.

He was everything she had ever whispered in prayer.
Kind.
Compassionate.
Patient.
Gentle in spirit.
And above all, unwavering in his faith—a man who trusted God in all things, and led with that trust.

He was always there for her.
On the days she felt small, he reminded her of her worth.
On the days she felt broken, he brought light to her darkness.
And on the days she doubted herself, he stood firm—offering the kind of support that didn't need grand declarations, just quiet, unwavering presence.

Through his every gesture, his love was unmistakable. Not only did she see it—her family did too. Friends, acquaintances, even strangers who crossed their path could sense it. It was in the way he looked at her, listened to her, stood by her without ever needing to be asked.

Distance meant nothing when it came to her needs. He made sure of that. Whether it was a late-night call, a surprise delivery, or simply the right words at the right time, he was there—reliably, consistently, lovingly.

He wasn't one for poetic words or elaborate displays of affection. But he didn't need to be.
Because everything he did—even the smallest act—carried love.
And that love spoke louder than anything he could have said.

Now, she felt complete.
The love he gave her was unlike anything she had ever known. It wasn't loud or demanding—it was calm, constant, and deeply grounding. In his presence, she never had to shrink herself or second-guess her words. She could speak freely, feel deeply, and just be—without fear, without doubt.

Her mind was at peace.
And with that peace came transformation. She smiled more. Laughed louder. Dreamed bigger. She became a better version of herself—not because he changed her, but because he made her feel safe enough to grow.

She was happier. Healthier. More alive. His love wasn't just something she felt—it became a space she could live in. A home for her soul.
There were no secrets between them.
She had shared everything—her past, her pain, the moments that left her feeling exposed and small. She had shown him the parts of herself she once kept hidden, and in doing so, placed her trust gently in his hands.

And he never once took that for granted.
He remembered every word, every silence between the lines. And from that place of understanding, he made it his quiet mission to protect her peace. He was mindful—careful with his words, deliberate with his responses, and gentle in every gesture. He never dismissed her feelings or made her doubt her worth. Instead, he became her safe place.

Even if it meant putting his own happiness aside, he did it without hesitation—because her comfort, her joy, her peace of mind came before everything else. To him, love wasn't about grand gestures or winning arguments. It was about making sure she never had to relive the weight of her past again.

And in that quiet devotion, she found something she never had before:
A love she could trust. Completely.

Chapter four
Separated not Shattered

Years passed, and though life kept changing, their love only grew stronger.

Time and distance couldn't weaken what they had. If anything, it made their bond deeper—steadier. Through calls, visits, and unshaken loyalty, they held on. And they didn't just survive the distance—they grew through it.

Eventually, he made a decision that quietly said everything about his love:
He chose to move closer to her.

He got admitted to a university near hers to pursue his Ph.D., turning what was once a long, tiring two-hour drive into a simple thirty-minute journey. And with that, the space between them no longer felt vast. They could meet more often, share more days, and create new routines together.

There were no more rushed visits or goodbyes. Now, their moments together were fuller, unhurried, and sweeter. Everything felt right. Everything felt whole.

It was as if the universe had finally exhaled—and handed them back the time they had lost.

However, just when everything seemed perfect—when routines were forming, love was steady, and peace felt finally within reach—tragedy struck.

Months later, chaos erupted in the state.

The silence they had come to cherish was shattered by the sound of unrest—sirens, cries, fear echoing through familiar streets. The ethnic conflict, once a distant worry, now stood at their doorstep, tearing through the lives of thousands with a violence neither of them could have prepared for.

Their days, once filled with anticipation and warmth, turned into anxious hours of waiting—for news, for safety, for any sign of peace.

Suddenly, plans were put on hold. Dreams were deferred. And they were forced, once again, to part ways.

But this time, it wasn't distance or study or time that separated them.
It was war.

And just like that, they were in a long-distance relationship once again.

Only this time, it was different—harder, heavier. She was alone in a new state, surrounded by unfamiliar faces and unfamiliar streets, while chaos raged back home. The distance between them was no longer measured in hours—it had stretched into days. What used to be a simple two-hour drive had become a staggering 58-hour journey—3,075.6 kilometers apart.

There were no more "I'll see you soon" messages. Not because they didn't want to—but because soon had become impossible.

But even then—even from thousands of kilometers away—he never let her feel unloved.
He did everything he could to be close. To make her feel secure. To protect her, even from afar.

And after months of hoping, waiting, and praying—he made it happen.
He flew across the country, left behind comfort and certainty, just to be nearer to her.
It still took a two-hour drive to reach her, but now, knowing he was just that close, changed everything.

She no longer felt alone.
She felt safe.
She felt home.

The chaos had changed them.

It stripped life down to its bare essentials, exposing what truly mattered—and what could no longer wait. In the quiet moments between fear and longing, they both came to the same unspoken conclusion:

They couldn't afford to be apart any longer.

The war had taught them that time wasn't promised, that safety was fragile, and that distance—no matter how filled with love—left too much room for uncertainty. What they had endured had reshaped them. What once felt like a future they had all the time in the world to build, now felt urgent, precious, and immediate.

Chapter five

The Proposal

Once again, they had to part ways.
He returned to their home state, while she remained in the other. But this time, the distance wasn't born out of tragedy—it was for love. His departure held a purpose: to prepare for their wedding.

As per tradition, her hand in marriage had to be formally requested—not once, but three times. A custom deeply rooted in their culture. She wasn't entirely certain about following the full ceremony. The weight of tradition felt heavy at times, unfamiliar. But what she was sure of—without a shadow of doubt—was him.

She wanted him by her side.
Forever.

And so, the courtship began.
Families were brought together.
Conversations were had.
She even traveled home twice—crossing distance and hesitation—to be present for what was no longer just a formality, but a promise being shaped in tradition.

Then one quiet starlit night, under no pressure and with no audience but themselves, he spoke. He poured out his heart—not with grand words, but with sincerity that softened everything.

He stated his reasons for wanting to tie the knot with her.

It was not just to fulfill expectations, not just to end the distance.
But because she was the one he had prayed for.
Because life with her was the only future he could ever imagine.

And with that, it was settled.
Not rushed. Not forced.
Chosen.

They were engaged.
Two souls, shaped by fire and distance, now preparing to walk into forever—together.

The preparations began in full swing.

Both families—miles apart, yet deeply connected—were caught in the whirlwind of planning for the big day. Calls, lists, laughter, traditions, and quiet excitement filled their days. Everything was moving forward. Everything was falling into place.

But beneath the joy, there was another feeling stirring in her heart—the ache of farewell.

She was about to leave behind the world she had always known:
The walls that heard her first words.
The streets that watched her grow.
The people who had loved her in all her seasons—especially her father, her best friend in the truest sense of the word.

The thought of parting from him, of waking up in a different home, without the familiar comfort of his presence, was painful. There were quiet tears behind closed doors, lingering hugs, and unspoken prayers.

But even in that sadness, there was something beautiful.
She was leaving with their blessings.
And that meant everything.

She wasn't running away. She wasn't losing her family.
She was carrying them with her—as she stepped into something new, something sacred.

Now, she would leave the house she was raised in.
and walk toward the home she would build.
With the one she had chosen.
With love as her foundation.

With marriage just around the corner, she dreamed of building a family like her own—one rooted in friendship. A home where thoughts and feelings could be shared freely, without hesitation. Most of all, she longed for a bond of true friendship between parents and children.

She knew she had the best partner and never doubted he would be an amazing father. With that assurance, she found peace amidst the wave of nostalgia she felt for her own family.

Chapter six

The Wedding

The days had flown by faster than she could hold on to them.

One moment, she was preparing, organizing, counting the weeks—and the next, the day had arrived. Her send-off. Her bridal shower. The final chapter of her life as a daughter in her childhood home.

It felt surreal—strange and beautiful all at once.

Her friends had flown in from different states, bringing with them warmth, laughter, and stories of every season they'd shared with her. Her phone overflowed with messages—wishes, blessings, and love from near and far. Everywhere she turned, there were smiles, gifts, lights, and the sound of celebration.

And still, she held her emotions close.

She stood with poise, her laughter easy, her words composed. She didn't want to cry, not today—not in front of everyone who came to celebrate her happiness. This was supposed to be a joyful farewell, not one drowned in tears.

But then… her father stood up.

Her best friend. Her constant. The man who had been there for every first step, every heartbreak, every doubt and every dream.
And he spoke.

His voice—steady but thick with feeling—wrapped around her heart. He didn't say much, but every word he did say carried years of love, memories, pride, and quiet letting go. And in that moment, the truth hit her:

She was really getting married.
Tomorrow, everything would change.

And just like that, every emotion she had kept locked away found its way out—tears, gratitude, sorrow, love, and joy all at once.

This wasn't just a ceremony.
It was a goodbye to one chapter, and the doorway to another.

The next day arrived before she could truly catch her breath.

From the early hours of the morning, the house buzzed with excitement. She and her bridesmaids were up before sunrise—makeup brushes, curling irons, last-minute adjustments, and whispered prayers filling the space. The hours felt like minutes, slipping away too quickly.

Then came the glitch.
An electrical issue nearly threw everything off schedule. For a moment, panic crept in—the fear that something as simple as electricity might disrupt the most important day of her life. But somehow, like so many things in their story, it worked out. She made it. Not perfectly on time, but just as she needed to.

And there it was—the church.
Packed inside and out. Faces she knew, faces she loved. All gathered to witness something sacred.

She took her first step down the aisle, and her heart skipped.
Because there he was.
Standing at the altar. Waiting.
Eyes locked on her like nothing else existed.
Dressed for the day, steady and sure. And in that moment, the world quieted.

The ceremony began with blessings from the pastor, prayers spoken with sincerity, and vows exchanged with trembling voices and full hearts.

"I do."

Two simple words that echoed louder than anything else in that room.
The rest was a blur of joy—songs, heartfelt speeches, laughter that echoed into the rafters. The reception followed with dancing, photos, stolen glances, and the kind of happiness that fills rooms and lingers long after the music ends.

And perhaps the most beautiful blessing of all?

The rain stopped.
It had poured for days, threatening to soak their long-awaited celebration. But for those two sacred days, the heavens held back. As if even the skies understood that this was meant to be.

Their love story—born in silence, tested by distance, held by grace—had reached its promised day.

Chapter seven

Greatest Blessing

The day had finally come to a close.
What was once a dream whispered in quiet moments had now become reality—they were married. Sharing a house, sharing a bed, sharing life.
Waking up beside each other, cooking meals together, building routines, it was a new rhythm, one that brought with it both comfort and adventure.

And then, just a few months later, life surprised them again—
With the greatest blessing of all.
It started quietly. One morning, she didn't feel like herself—just a little off, nothing too alarming. But something nudged her, a quiet intuition. So, she took a test.

Two lines.
She stared at them, heart racing. Was it real? Could it be?
Uncertain, she waited a few days and tried again.

Two lines. Again.
Yes—she was pregnant.

In that moment, everything shifted.
The joy, the disbelief, the tears that welled up unexpectedly.
A different kind of love began to bloom—soft, sacred, powerful.

This wasn't just a continuation of their story; it was the beginning of another.
A tiny heartbeat, still unseen, had already changed everything.

The pregnancy journey, though challenging, was made easier —because of him.
He was always there—ready to listen to her rants, hold her when she broke down, and calm her when she was overwhelmed. Even on the days when he felt exhausted or quietly frustrated, one thought of the little life growing inside her was enough to bring a smile back to his face.

The symptoms took their toll.
She was often tired, at times irritable, easily annoyed, and more short-tempered than she'd ever been. But through every wave of unpredictable emotions, he never left her side. He became her anchor, her calm, her constant.

And though her body ached and her mind grew weary, each little roll, each fluttering kick reminded her of why she was doing this.
Of what they were waiting for.
Of the tiny miracle they had created—together.
Those gentle movements from within gave her strength.
And his quiet, unwavering love gave her peace.

The months went by quickly, almost in a blur.
Each trimester brought its own set of changes—new symptoms, shifting moods, and unexpected turns.
The first was filled with exhaustion and nausea, the second with strange cravings and a growing bump, and the third with discomfort and anticipation.

Though her body grew heavier and rest became harder, there was an unexplainable joy in it all.

The gentle kicks, the rhythmic hiccups, the quiet conversations whispered to her belly late at night—they made the journey magical.

Tiring, yes.
Overwhelming at times.
But above all, it was beautiful.

Because with each passing week, they were one step closer to meeting the little soul who already meant the world to them.

One of the most joyful parts of the journey was preparing for her arrival.

There was something magical about every little thing they did
Browsing through tiny dresses, choosing the softest blankets, picking out bottles, diapers, and the perfect crib.
Each item felt like a promise, a step closer to holding her in their arms.

She would carefully wash the newborn clothes, run her hands over the delicate fabric, and smile as they hung to dry—each fluttering piece dancing in the wind like a lullaby in motion.
The sight of those tiny clothes lined up brought a sense of peace and anticipation.

It was their hearts getting ready to welcome someone they had never met, but already loved more than words could say.
All the hospital essentials were already packed—
neatly arranged in a corner, ready to go at any given moment.
Each item in the bag had been double-checked: the softest swaddles, tiny mittens, her first outfit, documents, snacks, and everything in between.

Chapter eight

The Arrival

Months flew by, and soon, they had arrived at their estimated due month.
What once felt like a race through time suddenly slowed.
Each day began to feel longer, stretched by anticipation and wonder.

She woke each morning hoping—maybe today.
Each movement, every sensation was met with quiet hope.

Then, one morning, it finally happened.

A different kind of pain. A feeling she hadn't felt before.
She paused. Waited.
It came again.

Excitement filled the room. This was it.

After confirming with the doctor, they gathered everything—the neatly packed bags, their courage, their prayers—and headed towards the hospital.

This was the moment they had waited for.
Their world was about to change forever.

However, labor didn't progress as quickly as they had hoped.
It was slow—agonizingly slow.
Each passing hour brought a new kind of pain, unfamiliar and relentless.

Twelve hours went by, and still no sign of the baby.

The excruciating pain became unbearable.
Tears welled in her eyes as she gripped his hand tightly, pleading,
“Please, just get the baby out. Even if it’s a C-section.”

But it was already dawn.
The hospital quiet, the world outside still dark.
And there was nothing he could do—nothing but stay by her side, helpless and heartbroken.

She cried—not just from pain, but from the overwhelming storm within her.
A pain no words could ever describe.
And yet, there was no medicine, no relief—everything had to be endured, for the baby’s safety.

And so she bore it all—trembling, sweating, weeping.
But deep down, somewhere beneath the exhaustion and agony, she held onto one truth:

“This pain means my baby is coming. She’s almost here.”
Hope kept her going. Love gave her strength.

Through all the pain,he never left her side.
He couldn’t take the pain away, he couldn’t feel the contractions for her, but he was there—every second—offering the only thing he could: his strength.

Holding her hand through every wave of agony, whispering reassurances, wiping away the sweat and tears, he became her anchor.

With each cry of pain, his heart ached, but he never showed it. Because in that room, his only mission was her—
her safety, her comfort, her courage.

And then—it finally happened.

She was wheeled into the labor room, not for another routine check-up, but to give birth.

This was it.

The pain was excruciating, wave after wave crashing over her, but through it all, one thought kept her grounded:
“My baby is coming.”

With every push, her body trembled. Her breath quickened, her grip tightened. And then—
a sound she would never forget.

A cry.
Her baby’s very first breath into the world.

And in that instant, everything changed. The hours of agony, exhaustion, and fear— they vanished.

Tears streamed down her face, not from pain now,
but from joy so overwhelming it took her breath away.

There she was. Perfect. Tiny. Alive.
A whole human being—her daughter—brought into the world.

She was smitten. In awe. Completely in love.
Her heart, from that moment on, would forever beat outside her body.

While she cried and screamed inside the room,
he stood outside—helpless.
Each scream pierced through the hospital walls
and deeper into his heart.

He couldn't hold her hand now.He couldn't whisper comfort.
He could only listen… and pray.

In that hallway of white walls and sterile lights, he closed his eyes and folded his hands. A silent prayer escaped his lips—not only for the baby, but for her.

"Give her strength," he pleaded.
"Keep her safe."

He had never felt so distant, yet so emotionally entwined.
Every passing second stretched like hours until—
a cry.
A tiny, sharp, beautiful cry.

The baby's first breath of life
was his sigh of relief.

But still, his heart wasn't fully at ease.
Not yet.
Not until he saw her— his wife, his love,
the woman who carried his child and his heart.

Because more than anything,
he needed to know
she made it through.

And now, two became three.

With their little bundle of joy cradled in their arms,
they stepped into a new chapter—
one filled with midnight cries, warm snuggles,
and love deeper than they ever imagined.

They knew life would never be the same. Sleep would be interrupted. Plans would become unpredictable.
And exhaustion would be a familiar companion.

But none of that mattered.
Because in their arms was a miracle—
a piece of both their hearts
wrapped in soft skin and sleepy sighs.

Every yawn, every stretch, every tiny cry
was a reminder: This is what love looks like now.
Their world had shifted. And even in the mess and the chaos,
they wouldn't trade it for anything.
Because now, they weren't just a couple anymore—
they were a family.

The late nights, the early mornings, the endless diaper changes—
none of it felt like a burden, because they were doing it together. They learned to laugh through the exhaustion,
to comfort each other with just a glance,
and to celebrate the smallest milestones with pure joy

This wasn't just a new beginning.
It was the continuation of something extraordinary—
love, multiplied.

In that tranquil first night with their baby,
a thought passes through her mind which she penned it down

" I woke up on my back,
Touched my belly and suddenly realised it's not big and bulky anymore.
It's easier to breathe, toss and turn.
It's a feeling that feels strange after ten long months.

Then, I looked to my left
And there lies my beautiful daughter.
A whole human I nurtured and cared for inside me.
A whole human made; a piece of two human
so deeply in love.

Then, I looked to my right
There lies the kindest man ever.
Sound asleep but in alert mode
A man God blessed me with
Doting, Caring, Compassionate, Loving.

What a BLESSING.
An abundance of blessing.
So "Anaiah" we named her
A prayer God heard and answered."

Sleepless nights became rewarding.
Though exhaustion lingered, so did the joy.
They were new to parenthood—learning, adjusting, growing—
but never once did they feel alone in it.

They took turns soothing cries and warming milk,
sometimes laughing at their clumsiness,
sometimes holding each other in quiet reassurance.

Chapter Nine

One Year and More

All of this happened just one year into their marriage.
And what a year it had been—
full of unexpected blessings, quiet miracles, and love that only deepened with time.

They often found themselves in awe, counting the ways God had poured His grace upon them—
even the things they never dared to ask for, He provided.
A home filled with laughter, a child to call their own,
and a bond that grew stronger with every challenge and every joy.

It wasn't a perfect year—
there were tears, late nights, and unspoken fears—
but in every moment, they felt God's presence.
Guiding. Strengthening. Loving.

They knew now more than ever:
They were walking a path designed just for them.
And they walked it together, with faith as their compass
and love as their guide.

And even as they stepped into the unknowns of tomorrow,
they placed everything—hopes, fears, dreams, and plans—
into the Almighty's hands.
For they had learned that true peace doesn't come from knowing the future,
but from trusting the One who holds it.

Of course, there were fights, disagreements, and moments of disappointment.
But in the midst of every storm, they stood firm—
anchored not in fleeting emotions,
but in the vows they made a year ago at the altar.

Through tears and laughter, silence and conversation,
they chose to love—even on the days it was hardest to do so.
They chose grace over pride, forgiveness over blame,
and understanding over ego.

Together, they walked through the storms—
not because everything was perfect,
but because they believed in what they had built,
and in the God who brought them together.

Hand in hand, they moved forward—
sometimes weary, sometimes unsure—
but always together,
anchored in faith and wrapped in love.

Their journey was no longer just theirs—
it was a testimony of grace,
a walk of surrender,
and a promise kept through every season.

"A Union"

"I found a love for me"
Reaping the prayers that we sow.
A partner that understands with glee;
A companion Almighty endow.

"I found a LOVE for me"
A man poised and dignified.
A calm and composed nature;
An epitome of a Gentle-Man.

"I found a LOVE for me"
A woman with utmost loyalty.
A confidant and a trustee;
An honest and reliable lady.

A union of God's grace and faithfulness.
A union that continues to seek the same.

Lalboi&Aching